

A new voice echoes through room.

JIM
I gave you my number. Thought you
might call.

And suddenly, stepping from the shadows - the slight, elfin
figure of JIM!

JIM (CONT'D)
Is that a British Army Browning
L9A1 in your pocket - or are you
just pleased to see me?

Sherlock pulls John's pistol from his coat. Trains it on Jim.

SHERLOCK
Both.

Beat.

JIM
Jim Moriarty. Hi.

He holds out his hand, smiles warmly. Sherlock doesn't
respond. Jim looks disappointed.

JIM (CONT'D)
Jim. From the hospital?

He pulls a mock 'sad' expression.

JIM (CONT'D)
Really, did I make such a fleeting
impression? But then, that was
rather the point.

Sherlock's gaze flicks over to John. The laser light is still
trained on him.

JIM (CONT'D)
Don't be silly. Someone else is
holding the rifle. I don't like
getting my hands dirty.

Jim's head moves slightly from side to side, like a lizard's.

JIM (CONT'D)
I've given you a glimpse, Sherlock.
Just a teensy glimpse of what I've
got going on out there in the big
bad world. I'm a specialist, you
see. Like you.

SHERLOCK

Dear Jim, please could you fix it
for me to dispose of my boyfriend's
nasty sister...?

Jim grins.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Dear Jim, please could you fix it
for me to disappear to South
America...?

JIM

Just so.

SHERLOCK

A consulting criminal! Brilliant!

JIM

Isn't it? No-one ever gets to me.
(icy)
And no-one ever will.

SHERLOCK

I did.

JIM

You've come the closest. But now
you're in my way.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

JIM

Didn't mean it as a compliment.

SHERLOCK

Yes, you did.

JIM

Yeah, okay, I did. But the
flirting's over, Sherlock. Daddy's
had enough now. I've shown you what
I can do. I cut loose all those
people, all those little problems,
even thirty million quid just to
get you to come out and play. Did
you like the Czech Republic thing?
That's what you might call a
leitmotif. Had you going there,
didn't I? But take this as a
friendly warning, my dear. Back
off.

Sherlock smiles thinly.

JIM (CONT'D)
You know, I've *loved* this. This
game of ours. It's been a treat.

He prods at his eye and removes a contact lens. His brown eye
is now blue.

JIM (CONT'D)
Playing Jim from IT. Playing gay.
Did you like the little touch? With
the underwear?

SHERLOCK
People have died.

JIM
(utter contempt)
That's what *people* do.

Beat.

SHERLOCK
I will stop you.

JIM
No. You won't.

Sherlock looks over at John.

SHERLOCK
(to John)
You ok?

John doesn't move. Frozen with fear.

JIM
You can talk, Johnny boy. Go ahead.

On John: hating the powerlessness. Then -- a small, tight
nod.

The laser light still hovers over the explosives. Sherlock
looks at his friend -- and thrusts out the memory stick.

SHERLOCK
Take it!

JIM
What? Oh. *That*. Missile plans?
Boring. Could've picked them up any
time.

Jim takes the memory stick from Sherlock and tosses it in the
pool.

Sherlock moves forward instinctively. John seizes on the
distraction, rushes forward and throws his arms --